

The Way to Build up Wrangell:
Patronize Wrangell Merchants

ALASKA

SENTINEL.

Money Spent Here is Used Here:
Send it East, and it is Gone

VOL. 6. NO. 41.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1908.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Department Store

Big Stock of General Merchandise
Groceries, Hardware, Etc.



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Hart Schaffner & Marx

AGENT FOR
Eastman Kodak Co.

Victor Gramophone Co.

Coal Oil Engines, Keystone Grease

Vienna Flour, Watch Repairs

Curios, Post Cards,

Jewelry

Hart, Schaffner & Marx

CLOTHES FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

The Style and Quality of these Goods are well
Known, and our prices are right

F. MATHESON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M., Sunday.
Christian Endeavor, 3:30 P. M., Sunday.
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.
Midweek Interim Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.
Library Association meeting in library rooms the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

ST. PHILIP'S-EPISCOPAL
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for Natives, 10:30 A. M.
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.
Bible School, 2:00 P. M.
Vespers—Native service, 3:30 P. M.
Service in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday at 4:30 P. M.
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies Aid every second Tuesday evening.
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.
Native Choir, Saturday evening.
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.
HARRY P. COLE, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.
Service at Jail, Sunday, 10:30 A. M.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M.
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:30.
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.
THOS. TAMAREE, Sergeant-Major.
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

WITH PENCIL AND SHEARS

Items of Interest Gathered From
Here and There

C. F. Stedman is getting out frames for a big Cape Cod dory.

Dr. Kimball left on the Seattle for Skagway.

After visiting in Juneau for a time, J. E. Chapman intends returning to his home in California.

Governor and Mrs. Hoggatt passed through on the Seattle, bound for their home in Juneau.

A fine new 10-horse gasoline engine arrived last week for the Plymouth Rock and will be installed soon.

A new flagstaff graces the cupola of the Patenaude building, and sets it off in good shape. Jesse Crowell did it.

The Alaska arrived in Sunday from the north, and towed Billy Richardson's logging machine in from the Narrows.

Dr. Kimball and C. Denny chartered the Emilie M., and last Thursday took a fishing trip down to Pat's and Konk's Creeks, returning Friday with baskets well filled.

Petitions for license have been circulated by all of the four saloons at this place.

New paint greatly improves the appearance of the Salvation Army officers' quarters—the residence of Adjt. Smith.

Several of Wrangell's citizens last week received post cards from Gustav Sutter, who sent greetings from Yokohama, Japan.

Ed Lyons and his launch Cora K returned to Wrangell Monday, after an absence of several months at Ketchikan. Ed will make Wrangell his headquarters for the future.

Juneauites are delighted over the decision of postmaster Spickett to have the mails distributed at any hour of the day or night when it may arrive. Hurrah for John! He's always right.

The Uncle Dan bent her shaft on her last trip from the west coast, and was towed into Marble Creek for repairs. The mail was transferred to the W. A. Kelly, which arrived here on Friday—a day late.

Peter Iverson killed a big black bear about two months ago at Portage Mountain, and brought the skin into town this week. Old timers say it is the largest black bear skin they have ever seen in these parts.

During the past two or three weeks the north papers have contained accounts of three hand-to-hand fights between men and bear, and in all three cases the men have emerged victorious, but a little the worse for the wear of the bear.

Mr. Moon, who recently arrived here from the Sound country and lately bot the Baker property from Sam Kincaid, has now bought the saltery at Anita Bay, Etolin Island. We are told that Mr. Moon's intention is to convert the main building into a whip-saw mill, cutting yellow cedar for cabinet work, furniture, etc. Such an industry ought easily to be made profitable, as there is no finer wood than the Alaska yellow cedar.

CATHOLIC BAZAAR

JULY 1-2

The new Wheeler building is well under way, the roof being on and the walls all up. The interior work is now being done, and when finished the building will make a great difference for the better in the appearance of Front Street.

Last Friday morning the sharp and rapid clanging of the fire bell brought Wrangell people out in a hurry. A small fire was discovered in the roof of Charles Nelson's house on the hill, but by prompt action it was "nipped in the bud" before any serious damage had been done.

Fred Campen and family left on the Seattle for Blanchard, Wash., where they will reside in the future. Mr. Campen has not been in the best of health for some time, and the move is made with a view to improvement. The interest which Fred owned in the shingle mill has been turned over to other parties. All of Fred's many Alaskan friends wish him a speedy return to robust health. Of course he ordered SENTINEL sent to Blanchard.

The launch Raven left out for Zarembo Island Saturday afternoon, carrying Ansell Babler, Ernest Campbell, Frederick Bronson, Jr., "Gassie" Hansen and another fellow, whose name we failed to learn, on a quest of deer. The fellow whose name we did not learn captured one deer, and the rest of the boys got what the little boy shot at, although Ernest claims to have seen six deer on the beach when he got out of bed at 2 a. m.

The fine new sternwheeler river str. Distributor, built and owned by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co., and chartered by the Hudson's Bay Co., came up from Port Eslington Tuesday last in command of Capt. S. B. Johnson. Mrs. Johnson accompanies her husband. The steamer is just out of the shop, portions of her superstructure being yet unfinished, and had never carried a cargo until the freight for Telegraph Creek was put aboard at this place. She is built considerably like the Mount Royal, except that she is larger and has greater beam.

Now is the Time
To make your old clothes new
Try your luck with
Diamond Dyes

DEVELOPING TOKNA MINE

Fifteen men arrived from the south by the last Seattle, and were taken out Saturday in the launch Salmon, to begin the work of the active development of the Alaska Tokna Mining Company's properties on Aaron's Creek. Buildings have already been erected, so that this crew can immediately take up the work of building road from the beach to the mines. The distance to be covered by the road is about five miles, in a comparatively level country, and the work of road building will be greatly facilitated by the plentitude of timber over the entire route, with very few windfalls to retard the work. A few weeks will be all the time occupied in building a fairly good road.

Mining operations will be taken up by a portion of the crew, and will consist in driving a tunnel to crosscut the ore body at a depth of about fifty feet from the surface. Drills, powder, etc., are being taken in, so that the work will have no hindrances arising out of unpreparedness, and by the time the snow flies at the mines the tunnel will be down to the ore, and shipments commenced to the smelter.

Manager Jorgen Berg informed a reporter last Saturday that the development work would be vigorously pushed, so that the company would be enabled to carry it on throughout the winter. He also showed a number of photos of the buildings, which are substantial enough to withstand any weather.

We sincerely trust that this mine will produce abundant returns, as its success will be an important factor in the development and prosperity of this town and section.

IN MEMORIAM

DIEN—At her home in Oregon, on the Rock River, Illinois, June 2, 1908, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Conner, beloved mother of A. V. R. Snyder, at the ripe old age of 87 years.

Mother! What word so sweet and sacred? The truest friend of man!

In the misty past we can see her as she comes to us in her kindly face as she catches the first lip that falls from our tongue; as she watches with pride and satisfaction the first step taken by us; as she lays her hand on our head before tucking us away in our cradle bed at night and teaches us the little prayer for safety. And still later in life, as we are about to leave the old home, she puts her loving arms around us and says: "My son, be honest, be truthful, be sober, be upright and straightforward—BE A MAN!"

It is after she has gone to her eternal rest that these things come vividly to our mind, and we ask ourselves with a feeling of trepidation, "Have you taken that mother as your guiding star? Have you proven worthy of the trust she reposed in you? Have you fulfilled the promise you made her that you would follow her advice?" Let a Providence be the judge, and our conscience dictate.

Tenderly they laid her to rest; peacefully she will sleep.

Across the continent, three thousand miles distant, all we can say is "Farewell, Mother!" A Son.

SUBSCRIBERS MUST PAY

A newspaper publisher has recently brought suit against forty-five men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgment in each claim. Of these, twenty-eight made affidavit that they owned no more than the law allowed, thus preventing attachment. The publisher then had them arrested for petit larceny and bound over for the sum of \$300 each. All but six gave the bond, while six went to jail. The new postal law makes it larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it.

Sergt. John Perry and wife intend leaving on the Humboldt for Seattle, where he has been assigned to a position in the cashier's department of the cable station. Many friends will miss them from Wrangell, and we all hope to see them return before many months. Sergt. McNurey takes charge of the local office and an operator named Downing comes here to fill the vacancy caused by Sergt. Perry's removal.

CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

FISHERMEN'S GOODS

Including Oiled Coats, Oiled Hats, Oiled Aprons, Oiled Sleeves, all the Best Brands of Rubber Boots, such as the new Alaska Red Sole, Gold Seal, Ribano Warmest and Best Blankets

Strongest and Dryest Tents
Knackerbrod and Dry Toast

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

St. Michael Trading Company

Carry a Complete Stock in All Lines of Merchandise, Including

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Paints

Oils, Crockery, Etc.

Tin Shop in Connection, in Which we are Prepared to do Any Kind of Work in that line

WE ARE ALSO SOLE AGENTS FOR

Union Gas Engines

Chase & Sanborn Teas and Coffees
Hercules Powder

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORCERS

THAT'S TOO BAD

The following is clipped from the Chicago Inter-Ocean of recent date:

"I wish to ask your readers if they can spare any old reading matter, such as magazines or papers, to a young man in an isolated portion of Alaska. I am twenty-eight miles from the nearest postoffice. Anything to read would be greatly appreciated."

Fred S. Johnston.
Wrangell Narrows, via Wrangell, Alaska.

The surveyors have been taking advantage of the clear weather to bring the townsite survey to an end. This survey is consuming more time than it ordinarily should, which fact is due to the inaccuracy of a former survey, during which the markings were very poorly described. The present survey, however, is being done correctly, and our citizens and claimants should be content to wait a trifle longer and know that the work is done right.

A party consisting of Marshal Grant and Messrs. Gartley, Emery, Cheney, Wheeler and others went to Mill Creek, in the Emilie M., Sunday, for a turn at the speckled beauties. They made a nice haul, and besides a basket full of trout Marshal Grant brought in a big brown bear skin, having killed the bear, beating it to death with the big end of his fishing rod. Now laugh, darn you!

"Uncle John" Findlayson one day last week caught a halibut, which, when placed on the scales, tipped the beam at 163 pounds. Uncle John is 94 years old, but his age does not deter him from engaging in some of the sports of much younger men. He is off on the steamer for the Dease Lake country to put in the season working his placer claim.

Two trout fishing parties went out yesterday morning, one going to Konk's Creek and the other to Mill Creek, the party catching the smallest number to pay the expenses of both parties. This paper went to press yesterday, so we do not know which party won.

W. C. Waters and wife came in from the Holbrook saltery last Thursday.

The Wrangell Chamber of Commerce held its June meeting in the new council room, in Patenaude's building, Monday evening, and transacted considerable business, among which was a discussion of that nuisance wherein our mail is shipped over the Portage and brought to Wrangell via the West Coast, often so old that it is gray-haired; it was determined to have a celebration on the 4th, and T. J. Case, J. G. Grant and J. H. Wheeler were appointed a committee of arrangements. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: A. V. R. Snyder, president; F. Matheson, 1st vice president; J. H. Wheeler, 2d vice president; J. E. Worden, secretary; L. C. Patenaude, treasurer; P. C. McCormack, J. G. Grant, H. D. Campbell, T. J. Case, M. F. Inman, Donald Sinclair and G. C. L. Snyder, board of directors.

The Lewis-Fletcher Fishing Company, which has for several seasons past been fishing for the Lake Bay cannery, will this year operate a salmon saltery at Wrangell, intending to salt several hundred barrels of red salmon and choice salmon bellies.

Fred Wigg left Thursday for Lake Bay and expected to begin fishing soon after his arrival there, as several crews had already been sent out by that cannery.



There are more McCall Patterns sold in the United States than of any other make of patterns. This is an account of their style, accuracy and durability.

McCall's Magazine (The Queen of Fashion) has more subscribers than any other Ladies Magazine. One year's subscription (12 numbers) costs 50 cents. Latest number, 5 cents. Every subscriber gets a McCall Pattern Free. Send for today.

Lady Agents Wanted. Handsome premiums as liberal cash commissions. Pattern Catalogue of new fashions and Premium Catalogue (showing ad premiums) sent free. Address THE McCALL CO., New York.

THE WILLIAMSON HAFFNER CO.

OUR CUTS TALK

ENGRAVERS-PRINTERS
DENVER

The Shurick Drug Co.

Is open for Business with a full line of

Drugs, Medicines, Etc.

Toilet Articles, Rubber Goods, Stationery, Postals

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

COURTEOUS TREATMENT AND REASONABLE PRICES ALWAYS ASSURED

Escape Measles

by disinfecting your house with
FORMALIN or CREOLIN

We have both, with directions for using

BRING US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

ALSO YOUR FAMILY RECIPES

WRANGELL DRUG COMPANY

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

The leap year divorce appears to be doing considerable business, too.

A man doesn't enjoy being told to mind his own business, yet it is always good advice.

Helena, Mont., is the storm center just now. It has started a wild, desperate crusade against the billboard nuisance.

Prince de Sagan doubtless thinks that being the husband of an heiress will prove as easy a way of making a living as any.

Things are not as bad as they might be. King Peter of Serbia is behaving so well that his people are able to go about their business without making much noise.

Representative Hobson says the time is coming when it will be necessary to turn this country into an armed camp. Mr. Hobson is one of our most consistent pessimists.

A musician who rewrote a song for a woman brought suit and the jury returned a verdict of \$5. If the song was of the "popular" variety this appears too small a fine.

Henry James has written a three-act comedy, and we can only hope that the intermissions between the acts will be long enough to give somebody time to see through the jokes.

"Dying is a delicious sensation," one prominent physician is reported to have said, but the general run of humanity will continue being satisfied with the delicious sensation of living.

Grand Trunk Pacific officials have just selected names for 114 new towns. As they are all easy to pronounce it is evident that the man who names the sleeping cars was not on the job.

"The vermiform appendix is the only thing in nature, so far as is known, that is absolutely useless," says the Lancet. Absolutely useless! And it has helped many a surgeon out of financial difficulties.

A lecturer is telling the women that if they think beautiful thoughts they will become beautiful. We would like to know how thinking beautiful thoughts is going to transform an ugly nose or remove a mole.

In advising young men to "use their tongues" Mr. Bryan probably means the unmarried young men. *Unmarried young men* have much opportunity, of course—unless, like Mr. Bryan, they spend most of their time away from home.

According to the figures published by a commercial agency, the cost of living is less now than at any time in the previous three years. But whatever the cost, life is worth while, in spite of the wails of the few who are shouting on the housetops that the times are out of joint.

Four hundred thousand dollars have been appropriated by Congress as indemnity to the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines for damage to church property occupied by American soldiers during the Filipino insurrection. In old times all institutions took their chances in time of war, and none was reimbursed by the victorious combatants. We have a better idea nowadays of those rights of property which survive all wars and changes of government.

An American actor once spoke of Shakespeare as the man who had left to posterity "the richest legacy of all the countless dead." Although he did not refer to a legacy of dollars and cents, yet if the figures given in a Washington paper are correct, the statement might be nearly true in that sense also. A popular novel that sells half a million copies in a few years is regarded as a wonder, yet of Shakespeare's works approximately three million copies are still sold every year. A royalty of one dollar a set on his works—and that would be small compared with the royalties of a modern author—would produce an income of three million dollars a year. And yet they say there is no money in literature.

As the second government of occupation in Cuba draws toward the close it is gratifying to know that leading Cubans are practically of one mind concerning the value of the service which has been rendered by Governor Macgovern. Already one of the leading parties under which political sentiment is organized in the island has placed a presidential candidate in nomination. The impending change in the government of the island is regarded very differently from the similar change which took place in 1902. Cuban eagerness for home rule is not nearly so evident as it was six years ago, but thoughtful observers regard the prospects for successful autonomous government as being much more hopeful now than they were immediately preceding the organization of the first home government of the island.

This country could hardly be expected to Germanize its legal procedure, or, for that matter, make it conform to that of any other country. But it could

embody with beneficial results the principles of the German system in dealing with petty disputes. It is perfectly proper that cases involving large amounts or important questions should be gone into with care and due expense. But the extortionate rate which Americans pay for justice in small things is proverbial. The Germans deal with these things in an eminently sensible way. An American tourist who inquired why there were only four lawyers in a town of 14,000 people in Germany, was told that the civil cases had been reduced to a minimum because every such case had to be tried by three conciliators appointed by the Mayor of the city before it found its way into the courts. If the judgment of the conciliators is not accepted the case then goes into court, but the loser has to pay all the costs, including attorneys' fees, so that the judgment of the conciliators is usually accepted. The conciliators receive no salary, but they consider their appointment a high honor. Only in slander cases are they permitted to impose a fine, which is payable to the district insane asylum. The guilty party is required to sign a declaration of regret and publish it in the official organ of the district. It would be manifestly impossible to translate the details of this procedure to this country, but the adoption of the principle in some form adaptable to our way of doing would accomplish great good. Americans are a "lawing" people and are usually willing to pay for such justice as they may derive from rushing into court on the slightest provocation. But it happens in many thousands of cases that the ends of justice are defeated by the costliness of securing it according to American jurisprudence. The intricate system of court costs has done much to spread the pessimistic idea that justice is only for those who can afford it. Anything which will tend to disprove this idea is to be commended, provided it does not go contrary to the spirit of our institutions.



Grass widows are never as green as they pretend to be.

A woman seldom laughs at a man's jokes unless she has an ax to grind.

A woman cares not who listens so long as she is permitted to do the talking.

The reason widows are so successful with men is they know the things not to know about them.

The chief reason a girl wants to get married is to prove to anybody who doubts it that she can.

You can buy off your wife from taking her \$50 allowance by giving her a 50-cent bunch of flowers.

What a woman can't understand is how a man refuses to be happy over his ship coming in some day.

When a man is labeled a cynic it is a sign that he has managed to elude some woman who tried to marry him.

There's nothing makes a man feel queerer than to have his wife describe a play to him all wrong when he can't correct her because he told her he didn't go to it the night he worked late at the office.—New York Press.

Her Magic Word.
"I want some black silk galloon," said the shopper in the big department store to her companion. "Where do you suppose I can find it?"

"Ask the floorwalker," said the West Side woman.

"Oh, he's too naughty. He'll simply wave his hand vaguely and tell us something about the number of rooms over, and we'll have to hunt for it ourselves anyway."

"I'll ask him."

In a moment she returned, accompanied by the floorwalker, all smiles and attention. He gallantly escorted them to the right counter, called a saleswoman, and instructed her to give the ladies careful attention, and then bowed himself away with magnificent salaams.

"How did you do it?" gasped the shopper.

"I said to him: 'You are the floor manager, aren't you? He became my slave at once. I never say 'floorwalker.' In the first place, I don't like the term myself, and I should think it would be rather offensive to any man. So why should I inflict it on him? 'Manager' sounds much better, is fully as accurate, and—you see—it certainly makes a much more effective appeal."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Filled the Bill.
It is better sometimes to know what not to do than to be possessed of all the positive information of the universe. Thus was the boy of the Philadelphia Press story wise beyond his years.

"Are you after the job as office boy?" asked the merchant.

"Sure!" replied the youngster.

"Any previous experience?"

"No, sir, nothing previous about me, an' I don't whistle."

"Hang up your hat!"

When any one feels good, it is not because he has good luck, or takes medicine, but because he is young.

The people who go to the postoffice oftener, are those who do not get more than one letter a year.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE TEST OF OFFICIAL FITNESS.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.



GOV. HUGHES.

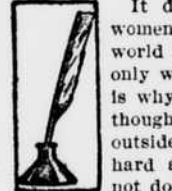
Every governmental scheme finds its ultimate test in the character of the men who may be brought to its execution. Men who in trade will resort to dishonest methods and unfair practices in competition will attempt to fatten themselves at the expense of the public if they are elected to office. Men who will prey upon minority stockholders or abuse the trusts that are committed to them in our great financial enterprises will prey upon the people if they have a chance.

Whether powers of supervision and regulation will be wisely exercised depends, not upon the words of the statute book, but upon the character of the supervisors and regulators; and you must have a higher quality of citizenship in those who administer the laws than in those whose conduct makes the laws and their administration necessary.

Between the man who attempts to fool the people in order to get rich and the man who attempts to fool the people in order to get office, between him who seeks his personal profit through an abuse of trust as a director and the man who uses public office to serve himself or his personal friends, there is nothing to choose.

WORLD OR WOMEN—WHICH WILL CHANGE?

By Ada May Kreckler.



It does not seem unreasonable to expect women in the long run to give to the world something of their own natures. It is only what they have done in the home. That is why the homes where they are queens are thought refined and beautiful and why the big outside world where they are slaves is called hard and cold. But even if women should not do much to soften the big world, the natural processes of evolution are at work slowly and surely refining it. The cold, hard world to-day is not nearly so cruel or uncomfortable or brutal as the choicest home life of the savages.

If the western world seems a little untamed in comparison with the oriental it is because its civilization is so much newer. Less than two thousand years ago it was chiefly savages; whereas over twenty thousand years ago the orientals were writing poetry and philosophy. Or if America seems ruder than Europe it is because we insist upon civilizing everybody. In Europe they have been satisfied with a few "gentles." They have called them the "quality." But in America we pay attention to "quantity," too. And if we cannot turn them all out as gentlemen by the time they are naturalized citizens, we at least find them easy to distinguish from new arrivals by their better behavior and better dress. Whichever way we take it—whether the

world is growing daintier of its own accord, or whether women publicly are helping to make it so—there is good reason to expect it to become as fit a place for a woman as a parlor. And there is little ground for fearing that women will turn either into men or rowdies because they have left their zeppas.

WHERE DO WILD ANIMALS DIE?

By Dr. Theodore Zell.



Where do wild animals die? This question has often been asked, and many learned naturalists have tried to find satisfactory answer, but even at the present time comparatively little is known that would throw a clear light upon that subject. The question is simple enough and easily answered in some cases, but extremely difficult in other cases. In a large number of cases the animals are killed by other animals or by man and eaten. Of all living creatures man is the most bloodthirsty, and more animals fall victims to his greed, cruelty or appetite than to the murderous instincts of carnivorous or other animals.

Some have made the assertion that certain animals, when they feel the approach of death, retire to some hiding place, a cave, a hollow tree, or some crevice in the rocks, and there await the end. That may be true and is decidedly probable, but does not explain the fact that only in rare cases are the remains of dead animals found in such places. It has often been commented upon that even in the districts where monkeys are abundant dead monkeys are scarcely ever found. Ancient writers like Pliny speak with remarkable erudition of the age which certain domestic and wild animals reach, but their writings throw no light upon the question as to what becomes of the animals after death. The number of carcasses and skeletons which are actually found is far too small to give a satisfactory explanation of that puzzling question which is still waiting for its Oedipus.

AMERICAN CHARACTER CONTRADICTIONS.

By Dr. Felix Adler.



We have no great leadership in politics or in other fields. The average American intelligence is high, but we have not the peaks that tower above the average. No country needs great leaders so much as a democracy, and in no country have they appeared less than in our democracy.

The false idea of equality, I imagine, has something to do with it. It is a curious fact, Americans are the most individualistic and the least individualistic. Nowhere is individualism so much encouraged and nowhere so much discouraged.

The American air is filled with the spirit of enterprise; on the other hand, he is less independent than the Englishman. He would never assert his rights when he is ousted, as the Englishman; he is afraid of being singular when he steps out and resents that which others bear. Democracy is unfavorable to individualism in this respect.

TWO NOTORIOUS ANARCHISTS.



ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

The bomb-throwing affair at Union square, New York City, served again to bring to public notice several of the apostles of disorder, chaos and anarchy. One of these is Alexander Berkman and another is Emma Goldman. Both of these worthies have caused the police a great deal of work and annoyance and are kept under surveillance most, if not all of the time. Berkman is the editor of a publication known as Mother Earth, which is widely circulated among those of anarchistic sympathies. He is the man who tried to kill Henry C. Frick, and he served a term in prison for his crime. It is said Mr. Frick employs a detective to watch Berkman constantly for fear he will repeat the attempt at assassination. Berkman was arrested after the recent bomb throwing, but could not be connected with that affair. Emma Goldman is a lecturer on anarchy and is associated with Berkman in the publication of Mother Earth. The police never lose sight of her and are vigilant in policing any hall in which she is to speak.



EMMA GOLDMAN.

ed on a piece of iron rod so bent and fastened to the lintel of the window in the second story of the building that any person on the second floor of the building can, by looking into the topmost piece of glass, see what is going on in the street below or who or what may be passing up and down the street without opening the window to look out. The mirrors take the place of bay windows.

The primary object in setting up a busbybody is to see who is at the front door, or who may be approaching from either side of the building to the door. The topmost piece of glass is tilted so that it will show the front doorstep. One piece of glass is set at an angle to catch a reflection of all that is going on at the right side of the street and another to reflect the approach to the left.

In Philadelphia, where ninety-nine out of every 100 houses are built out to the sidewalk, and all houses are built in a line, busbybodies become great time savers for housekeepers. If undesirable callers come to the front door the busbybody gives timely notice of their approach, and the person sought need not be at home. By keeping an eye on the busbybody the woman at

Topics of the Times

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is said to be the best bridge player in New York.

In Austria no fewer than forty-four out of every 100 doctors die of heart disease.

With an income of \$71,000 a day, Mr. Carnegie can still give away a few libraries.

The ninth International Geographical Congress will be held at Geneva from July 27 to August 6.

The cotton mills of Switzerland have remained almost stationary for the last ten years, owing to foreign competition and tariffs.

The attempt to combine the business men of all France into a nonpolitical protective association, to be known as "The Federation of French Manufacturers and Business Men," is reported to be making satisfactory progress.

Within the memory of man all the nuncios accredited to Catholic courts have been obliged to sacrifice their beards and mustaches. Those accredited to infidel countries, on the other hand, can allow their facial hair to develop at leisure. This is why M. Tuel, the new nuncio at Brussels, who was magnificently bearded at Constantinople, will be smooth faced at Brussels.—L'Independence Belge.

The high price of meat is not a hardship, but a blessing at this season, according to Dr. Bosley, health commissioner of Baltimore. Dr. Bosley is of the opinion that in the spring and summer, when the body does not require so much heat, meat can be dispensed with the greater part of the time. The doctor thinks that with meat at its present prices people will eat more vegetables and be the better for the change.

More than 7,500,000 pounds of human beings, or over 3,750 tons of humanity, are transported through the streets of New York every day in public cabs. In other words, more than 50,000 different people use hired vehicles every day to take them about the city on business or in search of pleasure. Moreover, according to the cab people who have made a study of the situation, there are fully 110,000 people, exclusive of babies and invalids, who never use the street cars.

A grizzled old colonel did not view with pleasure the recent promotions of younger and almost unknown officers who were jumped over his head. Strolling about his camp in the Philippines one day, he came upon one of his officers fondling a monkey. "Colonel," said the officer, "this is the most remarkable monkey I ever saw. Why he can take a stick and go through the manual of arms, almost as well as one of the soldiers." "Sh!" cautioned the colonel, glancing about in great alarm. "Don't tell anybody. Supposing the War Department heard of it? They'd make him a brigadier-general."

In the English Club at Hong-Kong a white-haired old gentleman who had come down from some Northern port was seated at dinner, when he suddenly became greatly excited. A letter had been brought him by a solemn-faced Chinese butler and he saw something on the outside of this letter which sent him downstairs two steps at a time to interview the hall porter. When he came back he told what was the matter. The hall porter had inscribed on the envelope in Chinese for the information of the butler: "This is for the old baboon with white fur." Unfortunately for the hall porter, the little gentleman was a first-class scholar in the Chinese language.

"I interviewed Alfred Vanderbilt, in Paris," said a foreign correspondent, "on the coaching run he will make this summer from London to Brighton. I know that run well—I made it once myself on a May day—a run of sixty miles, over a firm white road, between parks and gardens loud with bird music. Now I am rather fat and as Mr. Vanderbilt talked he noticed this. 'If you make the run with me,' he said, 'don't order two seats for yourself, as a fat friend of mine did for comfort's sake.' 'No?' said I. 'My friend ordered two seats on the Brighton coach last year,' said Mr. Vanderbilt, 'and found, when he came to occupy them, that the clerk had booked him one outside and one inside.'"

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

Italian Who Has Suffered It Thinks It Worse than Death.

There has been much talk of late in France and elsewhere of the suppression of the death penalty. The guillotine is to go and solitary confinement is to take its place. There is a man in Paris who knows what the punishment of solitary confinement really means, and it will be of interest, says the London Evening Standard, to hear what Amilcare Cipriani, who has undergone the punishment in Italy, has to say about it. He lives in Paris, where his gaunt face and long beard are as well known on the boulevards as the Theater des Varietes itself. He was sentenced to twenty-five years solitary confinement, and he recalls the phrase that Sig. Zanardelli uttered in the Italian parliament to reassure those members of it who thought the guillotine should be done away with. "We are abolishing the death penalty," he said, "but in its place we shall give criminals a punishment which will make them long for it."

"And he spoke the truth," says M. Cipriani, "for solitary confinement is a thousand times more cruel than a blow from an ax and a leap into eternity. 'Solitary confinement in a cell is a lingering agony, after two or three years of which the strongest man must die or must go mad. He is literally buried alive. His food is just enough to keep life in him. He may neither read nor write and gets no news from outside, even of his family. He may receive no visits and have no intercourse with anybody. He may not talk, and if he does ask a question of one of his jailers the jailer does not answer or answers by a sign. He never leaves his cell except for the madhouse or the cemetery. He sees nobody and hears no human voice. He does not even see a doctor if he is ill. If he breaks into open revolt his jailers may do what they like with him. They may kill him if they wish; and in Italy they often do so. No one has ever yet lived and remained sane for ten whole years of this terrible punishment."

"No one except myself has ever, as I did, remained sane after eight of them. I shall never forget it. I was in mental and physical anguish day and night for eight years, during which time I was chained by one leg to the wall. The worst of my torture was the feeling that brain, will, strength and health were disappearing. I felt death creeping on me and had no power to struggle. There was not a human being who would help me with a smile or with a friendly word, and death or madness seemed inevitable.

"The worst feeling of all is the feeling that one has not a friend in the world (I was elected to parliament four times without knowing it during my eight years imprisonment), and that, on the contrary, everybody is an enemy, coldly watching the wreck of the prisoner's health and brain. I remember vividly even now—I shall never forget it—the terrible depth of my hatred for humanity. I could feel my own brain running off the track, and I could not stem the madness which I felt growing on me, or I thought I could not. I remember the terror with which I found myself beginning to talk to myself aloud. I knew that this spelled madness. And yet I was afraid of sleeping, as I could have slept, through most of the day and most of the night, for I knew that that way lay idiocy, and when a solitary prisoner's legs begin swelling then death is not far off."

"I often wonder how I came to be spared death or madness. The happiest prisoners are certainly those who do go mad. Passanante, who attempted to murder King Humbert of Italy, has been in a madhouse for twenty-seven years. I am the only man who has resisted solitary confinement, the only man who has not died or gone mad in it after a few years. My method was a constant mental struggle, a sort of intellectual gymnastics, by means of which I kept my thoughts off by abominable solitude. I lost all notion of time, of course, and I remember asking my jailer one day what the year was. He would not tell me, but next day as he was putting down my jug of water he muttered '1886.' I had been in prison five years and believed I had twenty more to serve."

"I think I have told you enough, said M. Cipriani, 'to show you how much more terrible solitary confinement is than one short unpleasant moment on the guillotine. Solitary confinement, the torture of utter silence, is a torment worse than any Chinese torturers have ever thought of and is unworthy of any civilized nation.'"

M. Amilcare Cipriani ought to know.

A SPLENDID VEHICLE.

Is That Which England's King Uses on State Occasions.

When King Edward, of England, went to the opening of Parliament on the last occasion he rode in a carriage worth \$6,000. Built in 1761, on the occasion of the marriage of George III., the vehicle, one of the most costly and beautiful in the world, has ever since carried the English Kings and Queens on all high state occasions. The carriage, which weighs four tons, was designed by Sir William Chambers.

Despite its 147 years' service its great wheels, gear and body are said to be as sound as when built, and it looks as if it would go on forever. Steel springs were unknown when the coach was built, and its ponderous yet daintily luxurious body is suspended on leather braces, not unlike those of the old Concord stage coaches of America. Its balance is so perfect that a touch of the finger is enough to set the body swinging on the big creaking straps which brace the carved and gilded tritons supporting the driver's seat and hammer cloth. The length of the vehicle is 24 feet and it is 12 feet high.

The elaborate carvings cost more than the carriage proper, the coach builder's bill having been less than \$9,000, while that of the carver was more than \$10,000. Something of the character of the ornamentation may be guessed from the fact that the artist Cipriani received \$1,500 for painting the panels, and that the lace maker's charge was about \$4,000, the criminal satin interior of the carriage being most elaborately upholstered.

The preparation of the royal equipage for state occasions is a real sight. Six pairs of milk white horses from the royal stud are always used, and all wear false tails. The coachman, in powder and curls, mounts his seat with the aid of a ladder, but does not really drive, postillions on the horses and state grooms who walk beside them being in command of the team.

ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1908.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

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COAL TRUST AT WORK

Katalla Herald: "It is reported on what seems to be good authority that the real reason for the attitude of the government with reference to coal land legislation, and the issuance of patents to coal lands in Alaska, that have been located and improved, is due to the machinations of the coal interests of the western states. If this be true the government must be unwittingly playing into the hands of the western coal land monopolists. At any rate there seem to be some powerful influences at work in opposition to the development of Alaska coal lands, and the government might profitably devote some of the time of its scores of agents in the west who are busy smelling out alleged land frauds and digging up evidence to fit prejudiced cases, to make an investigation of the coal trust in relation to the coal fields of the west.

It is a fact that not a single patent to an Alaskan coal claim has ever been issued. The claimants have complied with every known requirement of the general land office and the interior department, have tendered the money in payment for the land, and yet the patents are held up without any reason, valid or otherwise, being given.

The prosperity of this section is largely bound up with the development of its coal deposits; the people of the Pacific coast need the coal of which we have abundance of the best qualities. The suggestion that vast reservations have been made in Alaska and in several of the western states, for the purpose of protecting the coal supply against grasping monopolies, fails to take account of the fact that the policy of withholding these lands from public entry and development is the best possible means of aiding coal monopolies, just as the withdrawal of large timber areas has augmented the value of timber lands owned by the timber over lords.

The government's policy in this respect is shortsighted. It is preventing the bona fide development of the coal mines of Alaska, and incidentally, the other mining industries of the coast and the interior country.

"OUT, DAMNED SPOT!"

The die is cast, and dance halls must go. The following instructions have been given to the saloon keepers of Division No. 1, by U. S. Marshal Shoup:

"Honorable Royal A. Gunnison, judge of the district court for the District of Alaska, Division No. 1, has requested me to notify you, and you are hereby notified, that no license for the sale of liquor will be issued to any person who proposes or intends to conduct, or who shall permit or allow to be conducted, in connection with the saloon or bar room for which a liquor license is sought, a dance hall, or any place in which women or girls are employed or permitted to act in any capacity in connection with the sale or distribution of

liquor, or with the operation of such saloon or bar room.

Before any license for the sale of liquor for the ensuing year will be issued, the applicant for such license must satisfy the court that he will in good faith comply with the foregoing requirement.

Respectfully,
JAMES M. SHOUP,
U. S. Marshal.

Some of the walks in Wrangell are a menace to public safety, a positive nuisance in case of fire, and a burning shame and disgrace to the town. Those who went to the fire last Friday morning saw a sample of the walks that follow the side streets and alleys of the town. Many of these walks have never been repaired since being built, and have been allowed to rot and break down in a shameful manner. It is to be hoped that the council will require these walks replaced with new ones just as soon as streets are determined by the townsite survey. It would, however, be cheaper for the people who own property reached by such old walks to build new ones before being forced to than to have their property destroyed by fire. And it would be an absolute impossibility for the firemen to take the big extinguishers over some of the walks in their present condition.

The prospectus which has occupied considerable of the time of a committee from Wrangell Chamber of Commerce for some time past is at last in print, and copies will be mailed, gladly, to parties who wish to know of the wonderful resources and scenic attractions of this section and the vast country around the headwaters of the Stikine, and which is easiest reached via Wrangell. If you, resident of another section, who reads this, are in any wise interested in a glorious and healthful climate, mining, hunting, fishing, prospecting, lumbering or trapping, or if you wish to learn of the most magnificent scenery that the Master Hand ever produced, or how or how much it costs to get to it, you may be accommodated by simply dropping a postal to the secretary of the Wrangell Chamber of Commerce, requesting him to mail you a copy of the prospectus.

While reading the many accounts concerning the receptions given to the men of the battleship fleet at coast points, did you ever think how a like number of our soldiers would have been received? The sailors were feted and wine and dined by all grades and classes of people, from the brothels of the under world to the gilded homes of high society; but if the same number of soldiers had traveled around "the horn" and landed in the coast cities, their only reception would have been additions to the police forces of the several cities. The facts simply demonstrate the popular craving for new and novel things.

The Republican national convention named William H. Taft of Ohio, and Sherman of New York to head the ticket of the party for the presidential election which takes place in November. That this team will win is a foregone conclusion, as it is known, almost to a certainty that Mr. Taft represents the policies outlined by President Roosevelt.

"Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is drill:
The optimist sees the doughnut,
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In the Commissioner's Court for the Ketchikan Precinct, Alaska, Division No. 1, in the matter of the Estate of Flossie Reddy, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that I was duly appointed administrator of the Estate of Flossie Reddy, deceased on June 8, 1908. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice, to myself at my law office at Ketchikan, Alaska. Dated at Ketchikan, Alaska, this 10th day of June A. D. 1908
CHAS. E. INGERSOLL.

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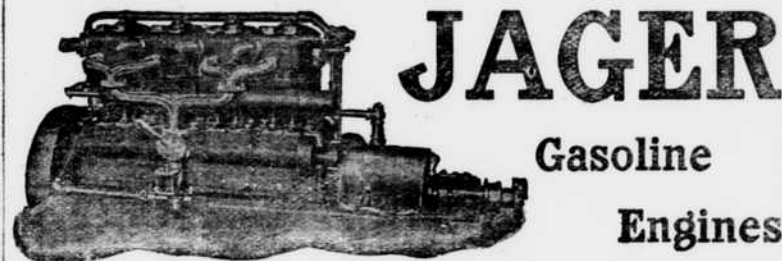
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